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The Patriotic song book

[London]

[18--]

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THE

VICTORIA TOAST MASTER,

CONTAINING UPWARDS OF

TWO THOUSAND TOASTS & SENTIMENTS.

LOYAL.

A Venus born from Ocean's bed—Britannia.

Annihilation to the trade of corruption.

A speedy export to all the enemies of Britain without a drawback.

All our nobles, and all noble hearts

A long cord and a strong cord to those who make discord.

Addition to our trade, multiplication to our manufactories, subtraction to taxes, and reduction to places and pensions.

All the societies associated for promoting the happiness of the human race.

WHITE
PN
970
.E5
PATRX

THE

PATRIOTIC SONG BOOK.

CONTAINING A COLLECTION OF NEW AND PATRIOTIC SONGS.

ENGLAND AND FRANCE

OR, THE

UNION OF THE BANNERS.

Another wreath Britannia weareth,
Victory clasps Napoleon's brow;
Each fair land the glory shareth—
May they ever be as now—
For too long have we been parted—
Mankind hath the loser been,
Shout, ye brave, ye noble-hearted—
Vive l'Empereur! God save the Queen!

For ages we've stood fiercely panting,
With our gory flags unfurl'd,
While the Russian hath been planting
Barbarism o'er the world.
Cruel, crafty, and despotic,
He would desolate each scene;
Shout, ye brave, ye patriotic—
Vive l'Empereur! God save the Queen.

But the future shines before us,
We shall soon forget the past;
Then, with heaven smiling o'er us,
Will our faith, our friendship last—
For too long have we been parted—
Mankind hath the loser been;
Shout, ye brave, ye noble-hearted—
Vive l'Empereur! God save the Queen!

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

The Red, White, and Blue.

Music at the Bouquet Office.

Oh, Britannia, the pride of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
The world offers homage to thee;
At thy mandate heroes assemble,
When Liberty's form stands in view,
Thy banners make tyrants tremble,
When borne by the red, white, and blue.

When war spread its wide desolation,
And threaten'd the land to deform,
The ark of Freedom's foundation,
Britannia, rode safe through the storm;
With her garland of victory round her,
So bravely she bore up her crew,
And her flag floated proudly before her,
The boast of the red, white, and blue.

The wine cup, the wine cup, bring hither,
And fill it up true to the brim,
May the wreath Nelson won never wither,
Nor the star of his glory grow dim;
May the Service united ne'er sever,
But still to their colours prove true,
The Army and Navy for ever,
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.

By the Sad Sea Waves.

By the sad sea waves, I listen while they moan
A lament o'er graves of hope and pleasure gone,
I am young, I was fair,
I had once not a care,
From the rising of the morn till the setting of the sun,
Yet I pine like a slave,
By the sad sea wave:
Come again, bright days of hope and pleasure gone!

From my care last night, by holy sleep beguiled,
In the fair dream light, my home upon me smiled;
Oh, how sweet 'mid the dew,
Every flower that I knew,
Breathed a welcome back, to the and weary child!
I awake, in my grave,
By the sad sea wave:
Come, again bright dream, so peacefully that smiled!

God Defend the Right.

Hurrah! we grip the tyrant now!
And there's no heart so lowly
But burns to strike a battle-blow,
And win a cause so holy!
The brave look fearless in the eyes
Of Death, nor cry him quarter;
And grand promotion waits them, boys,
Who fall, by land or water.

To-day the ancient valour starts,
And the spirit of old story
Shall flash from our heroic hearts,
And kindle England's glory.
Wild voices wail across the sea,
They cry from many a woe-land,—
Revenge! remember Sinope!
Revenge! remember Poland!

Now, soldiers, up to conquest stride,
Let not one spirit falter,
For Victory is your plighted bride,
The breach your solemn altar.
Thick are the graves on Alma, see
What costly seed lies sleeping!
God! but thy sun should stand, while we
That harvest-field are reaping!

Now, sailors, fight your ships to day
As Grenville fought the Spaniard!
If battle's bloodiest game they play,
Have at them grip and poignard.
One thrilling shout for England, Ho!
Then, naked for the fight, men,
Dash in like fire upon the foe,
And God defend the right, men!

(*Gerald Massey.*)

Mary of Argyle.

I have heard the mavis singing
His love song in the morn,
I have seen the dew-drops clinging
To the rose just newly born;
But a sweeter song has cheer'd me,
At the evening's gentle close,
And I've seen an eye still brighter
Than the dew-drop on the rose.
'Twas thy voice, my gentle Mary,
And thy artless winning smile,
That made this world an Eden,
Bonny Mary of Argyle.

Tho' thy voice may lose its sweetness,
And thine eye its brightness too,
Tho' thy step may lack its swiftness,
And thy hair its sunny hue;
Still to me thou wilt be dearer,
Than all the world shall own,
I have loved thee for thy beauty,
But not for that alone.
I have watch'd thy heart, dear Mary,
And its goodness was the wile
That has made thee mine for ever,
Bonny Mary of Argyle.

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

Oh, boys carry me 'long.

Oh! carry me 'long,
Der's no more trouble for me;
I's guine to roam in a happy home
Where all the niggas am free.
I've worked long in de fields,
I've handled many a hoe;
I'll turn my head before I die,
And see de sugar cane grow.

Oh! boys carry me 'long,
Carry me till I die,
Carry me down to de buryin' groun'
Massa, dont you cry.

All ober the land
I've wandered many a day,
To blow de horn and mind de corn,
And keep de possum away.
No use for me now,
So darkeys bury me low,
My horn is dry and I must lie
Wha de possum nebber can go.
Oh! carry me, &c.

Farewell to de boys,
Wid hearts so happy and light,
Dey sing a song de whole day long,
And dance de jubba at night.
Farewell to de fields
Ob cotton, 'bacco, and all;
I's guine to hoe in a blessed row
Wha de corn grows mellow and tall.
Oh! carry me, &c.

Farewell to de hills,
De meadows covered wid green,
Old brindle Boss, and de old grey hoss
All beaten, broken, and lean.
Farewell to de dog,
Dat always followed me round;
Old Sancho'll wail and droop his tail,
When I am under de ground.
Oh! carry me, &c.

Galley Slave.

Music—at the Bouquet Office.

Oh! think on my fate, once I freedom enjoy'd,
Was as happy as happy could be:
But pleasure is fled, even hope is destroy'd,
A captive, alas! on the sea.
I was taken by the foe; 'twas the fiat of fate,
To tear me from her I adore;
When thought brings to mind my once happy state,
I sigh as I tug at the oar.

Hard, hard is my fate. Oh how galling my chain!
My life steer'd by misery's chart;
And though 'gainst my tyrants I scorn to complain,
Tears gush forth to ease my full heart.
I disdain e'en to shrink, though I feel the sharp lash;
Yet my breast bleeds for her I adore.
While around me the unfeeling billows will dash
I sigh and still tug at the oar.

How fortune deceives! I had pleasure in town,
The port where she dwelt we'd in view;
But the wish'd nuptial morn was o'erclouded with woe,
And, dear Anna, I hurried from you.
Our shallop was boarded, and I borne away,
To behold my dear Anna no more;
But despair wastes my spirits, my form feels decay,
He sigh'd and expired at the oar.

Why did my Master sell me.

Oh, I have lost my Dinah,
Away down Carolina,
Oh, tell me where to find her
Alas! she's gone away:
Oh, I have lost my Dinah, &c.

Oh! why did my master sell me,
Why did my master sell me,
Why did my master sell me
Upon my wedding day.

Happy I was with Dinah
Down in Carolina,
My own sweet lovely Dinah,
On my wedding day,

My master he does scourge me,
And oft to work does urge me,—
And Dinah's freedom forged he
Upon our wedding day.

Now by my master's dogs I'm worried
And by the lash I'm flurried,
I would we had never been married,
My Dinah's far away.

And now I have found my Dinah
Away down Carolina,
No more can she be kinder,
For my Dinah's dead and gone.

But still my heart grows bolder,
to my breast could fold her
I cannot now behold her.
Dinah in the still cold grave.

For Dinah still I'm pining,
Upon her grave reclining;
Alas! I feel I'm dying,
This is our wedding day.

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

Lilly Dale.

'Twas a calm still night, and the moon's pale light
Shone soft o'er the hill and vale,
When friends mute with grief, stood around the death bed,
Of my poor lost Lilly Dale.

Oh! Lilly, sweet Lilly,
Dear Lilly Dale!
Now the wild rose blossoms o'er her little green grave,
'Neath the trees in the flow'ry vale.

Her cheeks that once glowed, with the rose tint of health,
By the hand of disease had turn'd pale,
And the death damp was on the pure white brow,
Of my poor lost Lilly Dale.
Oh! Lilly, &c.

"I go," she said, "to the land of rest,
And ere my strength shall fail,
I must tell you where, near my own loved home,
You must lay poor Lilly Dale."
Oh! Lilly, &c.

"Neath the chesnut tree, where the wild flowers grow,
And the stream ripples forth thro' the vale,
Where the birds shall warble their songs in spring,
There lay poor Lilly Dale.
Oh! Lilly, &c.

Martr'd Slave.

They have sold him from his cabin,
From his wife and children dear,
While rolling down his manly cheek
The sorrow speaking tear.
In chains he left his happy home,
A dreadful fate to brave,
Yet hope from Heaven buoyed him
And cheered him, tho' a Slave.

Again they sold the sturdy form,
But could not sell the mind,
His master's daughter pitied him,
And was to Tom most kind.
Alas the gentle Eva died,
She found an early grave,
Once more they sold poor Uncle Tom
To labour as a Slave.

The heat by day, the chill by night,
Fell on his sinking frame;
They tortured and they threatened to
Consign him to the flame.
They could not turn that soul from right,
Which only ONE could save,
He sank beneath the dreadful lash,
And died a Martyr'd Slave.

Old Folks at home.

Way down upon de Swanie riber,
Far, far away,
Dere's wha my heart is turningebber,
Dere's wha de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation,
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.

All de world am sad and dreary,
Ebry where I roam,
Oh! darkeys how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home.

All round de little farm I wander'd
When I was young,
Den many a happy day I squander'd
Many de song I sung,
When I was playing wid my brudder,
Happy was I,
Oh! take me to my kind old mudder,
Dere let me live and die.

One little hut among de bushes,
One dat I love,
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
No matter where I rove,
When will I see de bees a humming
All round de comb?
When will I hear de banjo tumming,
Down in my good old home.

When time hath bereft thee.

When time hath bereft thee,
Of charms now divine,
And youth shall have left thee,
Nor beauty be thine,
When the roses shall vanish
That circle me now,
And the thorn thou wouldst banish
Shall press on thy brow;
In the hour of thy sadness
Thou'lt think upon me,
But the thought shall be madness,
Deceiver, to thee.

When he who could turn thee
From virtue and fame,
Shall leave thee, and spurn thee,
To sorrow and shame,
When by him thus requited,
Thy brain shall be stung,
Thy hopes shall be blighted,
Thy bosom be wrung;
In the depth of thy sadness
Thou'lt think upon me,
But the thought shall be madness,
Deceiver, to thee.

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

Vilikin's and his Dinah.

Music at the Bouquet Office.

Oh! 'tis of a rich merchant,
In London did dwell,
He had but one daughter,
An uncommon nice young gal!
Her name it was Dinah—
Scarce sixteen years old,
She had a large fortune
In siliver and gold.
Singing—Too-ral-loo, &c.

As Dinah vas a valking,
In the garden vun day,
Spoken—the front garden.
Her papa came to her,
And thus to her did say:—
Go and dress yourself, Dinah,
In gor-ge-ous array,
Spoken—take your hair out of paper,
And I'll get you a husband,
Both vally-ant and gay!
Singing—Too-ral-loo, &c.

Spoken—this is what the infant progeny said to the author of her being.

Oh, papa! oh, papa
I've not made up my mind,
To marry just yet,
I do not feel inclined,
And all my large fortune
I'll gladly give o'er,
If you'll let me stay single
A year or two more.
Singing—Too-ral-loo,

This is what the indignant parient replied—I repeat the father.

Go boldest daughter,
The parient replied,
If you don't consent to be
This here young man's bride,
I'll give your large fortune
To the nearest o'kin,
And you shan't have the benefit,
Of one single pin.
Singing—Too-ral-loo, &c.

Chorus of indignant parients—very bass.—Too-ral-loo.

Spoken—Now comes the epiflabbergastrimum of the lover.

As Vilikins vas a valking,
The garden around,
Spoken—The aforesaid front garden.
He spied his dear Dinah,
Lying dead upon the ground,
A cup of cold pison
It lied by her side,
And a billy dux, stating
'Twas by pison she died!

Taken inwardly, Singing—Too-ral-loo &c.

Spoken—This is what the lovier did.
Then he kissed her cold corpus,
A thousand times o'er,
He call'd her his dear Dinah—
Although she was no more
He swallowed the pison,
Like a lover so brave—
And Vilikins and his Dinah,
Lies a buried in one grave!

Both on em, Singingjoyfully—too-ral-loo &c. MORAL.

Now all you young vimmens,
Take a varning and nor
Never by no means
Disobey your guv'nor,
And all you young fellers,
Mind who you claps your eyes on,
Think of Vilikins and his Dinah,
And the cup of cold pison.
Else you'll be singing too-ral-loo, &c.

Soldier's Farewell.

Oh, farewell, dearest mother,
I must wander afar,
'Mid the land of the stranger,
'Mid battle and war.
Thy smile so endearing,
All others excel,
And eyes brightly beaming,
Farewell, oh farewell!

Farewell, for more lovely
Those scenes do appear—
Those sounds that so sweetly
Strike deep on the ear.
Yet near thee, dear mother,
And sweet friends I would dwell—
And eyes brightly beaming,
Farewell, oh farewell!

The Manly Heart.

When I tell thee that I love thee,
Thou art my cherished joy,
I would not seek to move thee,
With the day-dreams of a boy;
But the vows that I would offer,
Would sincerity impart,
Or affection I would proffer,
From a true and manly heart!

When I tell thee that I love thee,
Oh, incline a willing ear,
Let a welcome smile but prove thee,
Firm in faith for ever dear;
Through a life of care or pleasure,
E'er striving to impart,
How I would prize the treasure
Of a true and manly heart,

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

Happy days of yore.

[Music at Tedder and Co.'s.]

My heart is gladly beating,
As I tread those scenes once more,
Where my boyhood gaily revell'd
In the happy days of yore.
And I greet the zephyr's melody
That round me sweetly plays,
For its tone is still as joyous
As it was in childhood's days.
My heart is gladly, &c.

The fragrant breath of summer
Would fan the boyish brow,
That once so fair, by cruel care
Is sadly altered now;
For the glossy raven tresses
In which that brow was drest,
Have faded 'neath the hand of time
Into a snowy crest.
My heart is gladly, &c.

The green and waving meadow,
The bed of fragrant thyme,
The flowers fair all seem to wear,
The dress of olden time;
The wavelets on the river,
Still seek the sunny track,
And vanish like the golden hopes,
That never can come back.
My heart is gladly, &c.

Chieftain's Daughter.

Music at the Bouquet Office.

Upon the barren sand
A single captive stood;—
Around him came, with bow and brand,
The Red Men of the wood;
Like him of old, his doom he hears,
Rock-bound on ocean's rim;
The chieftain's daughter knelt in tears,
And breath'd a prayer for him!

Above his head in air
The savage war-club swung;
The frantic girl, in wild despair,
Her arms about him flung,
Then shook the warriors of the shade,
Like leaves on aspen limb—
Subdued by that heroic maid,
Who breath'd a prayer for him!

"Unbind him," gasped the chief,—
"It is your chief's decree!"
He kissed away her tears of grief,
And set the captive free:
'Tis ever thus, when, in life's storm,
Hope's star to man grows dim;
An angel kneels in woman's form,
And breathes a prayer for him!

Look always on the sunny side.

Composed by Mr. B. L. Hime.

Look always on the sunny side—
'Tis wise and better far;
And safer thro' life's cares to glide
Beneath hope's beaming star.
The springs of rosy laughter lies
Close by the well of fears,
Yet why should merry fancies die
Drown'd in a flood of tears?
Look always on the sunny side—
'Tis wise and better far;
And safer thro' life's cares to glide
Beneath hope's beaming star.

Look always on the sunny side—
The guiltless bosom can;
Nor tremble 'neath life's roughest tide
It is not worthy man.
Why should the heart with vain regret
Break joy's enchanting spell?
Tho' age be come, love lingers yet,
In ev'ry flow'ry dell.
Look always on the sunny side—
'Tis wise and better far;
And safer thro' life's cares to glide
Beneath hope's beaming star.

Look always on the sunny side—
Earth's not forlorn or drear;
Hope, ever be thro' life our guide,
My friends, nor shadows fear.
The clouds around the setting sun
Add glory to the skies—
Thus shadows round us darkly flung
Make brighter days arise.
Look always on the sunny side—
'Tis wise and better far;
And safer thro' life's cares to glide,
Beneath hope's beaming star.

Come, Brother's, Arouse.

Come, brothers, arouse, let the owl go to rest;
Oh, the summer sun's in the sky;
The bee's on its wing, and the hawk's in his nest,
And the river runs merrily by.
Our mother, the world, a good mother is she,
Says to toil is to welcome her fare;
Some bounty she hangs us on every tree,
And blesses us in the sweet air.
Oh, come, brothers, &c.

And this is a life for a man, a man,
And this is the life for me,
The prince may boast, if he can, he can,
But he never was half so free.
Our mother, the world, &c

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

What will they say in England.

By J. B. Monsell.

Music at Davidson's.

What will they say in England,
When there the story's told
Of deeds of might, on Alma's height,
Done by the brave and bold?
Of Russia, proud at noontide,
Humbled ere set of sun?—
They'll say 'twas like old England,
They'll say 'twas nobly done!

What will they say in England,
When hush'd in awe and dread,
Fond hearts through all our happy homes
Think of the mighty dead—
And muse in speechless anguish
On father, brother, son?
They'll say, in dear Old England,
God's holy will be done!

What will they say in England,
The matron and the maid,
Whose widowed withered hearts have found
The price that each has paid—
The gladness that their homes have lost,
For all the glory won?—
They'll say, in Christian England,
God's holy will be done!

What will they say in England?
Our names, both night and day,
Are in their hearts, and on their lips,
When they laugh, or weep, or pray;
They watch on earth—they plead with heaven,
Then forward to the fight!
Who droops or fears, when England cheers,
And God defends the right?

I cannot leave old England.

Music at the Bouquet Office.

I cannot leave Old England,
And yet I hear them say,
My lot will still be chequer'd
With sorrow if I stay!
It is not wealth I covet,
I only ask to share
The blessings, few or many,
That Heav'n may deign to spare;
I grieve to part from many,
I never more may see,
But England, dear old England,
It still my home shall be.
But England, &c.

I cannot leave old England,
Yet thickly fall my tears
When parting from the dear ones
I've lov'd through many years;
Oh! may their lot be brighter
Than mine is doomed to be!
Yet grant me still contentment,
'Tis wealth enough for me.
Life's sun will soon be setting,
Beneath my native sky.
In England, dear old England,
There let me live and die.
In England, dear old England, &c.

Up with the Standard of England.

Hark, where the Lion is roaring!
List! list! 'tis the growl of the Bear;
Above the proud Eagle is soaring,
The Crescent waves high in the air!
The steed with impatience is neighing
The flag of rude war is unfurled.
The trumpet its wild note is braying,
And threatens the peace of the world,

Then up with the standard of England!
Our watchword alone be "Advance!"
Up, up with the standard of England!
And raise the brave banner of France.

'Tis fearful that life should be wasted,
'Tis dreadful that blood should be shed,
That the horrors of war should be tasted,
That ravens and wolves should be fed;
All that honour permits has been borne,
Every mild art of peace has been tried,
Mediation been met with foul scorn,
And now, "war to the knife" must decide.
Then up with the standard, &c.

Then onward by sea and by land,
Since there's no other course to pursue,
Let Old England and France hand in hand
Show the world what combined they can do;
Let our scabbardless swords meet the light,
Down, down with the tyrant the cry,
'Tis for honour and justice we fight—
So forward, to conquer or die!
Then up with the standard, &c.

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

On Alma's Heights.

On Alma's heights the Russian stood, and proudly lifted high
His banner, and his eagle dark outspread before the sky;
His mighty host, as iron strong, extending wide and far.
Exulting cried—"We fight, we die, for thee, our God, the Czar!"
My Colin kissed his darling boy, and fled, the ranks to gain—
A nobler or a braver man ne'er trod the battle-plain!
I inly pray'd that God that day the right would save and free;
I only knew where Colin fought, and that was right to me!

St. Arnaud, then, with Raglan led; the fearful strife began,
And fire and sword their deadly course pursued from man to man.
They say the day was nobly won, the foeman humbled fell:—
But oh! the dreadful deeds I saw my heart would fail to tell!
I clasp'd my child and onward press'd I strove the field to gain:—
Where'er I trod, there stretch'd around the dying and the slain.
I fondly dream'd my own was spared, to swell the victors' cries;
But Colin welter'd in his blood, the death-dew on his eyes.

I knew his life was ebbing fast, and knelt me by his side;
And bitter then I felt the lot that waits a soldier's bride!
I rais'd his head, when, oh! he gave one last sad look and moan;
He turn'd and sigh'd, "God give thee strength to reach thy Highland home!"
On Alma's banks they laid him low with many a comrade brave;
My child and me they found, and brought across the stormy wave,
And now I wander, wander on, so helpless, sad, and lone,
And oft I sigh, "Oh! give me strength to reach my Highland home!"

T. Walker, Esq.

Be not the first to cast the stone.

Often do we gaze below us,
On a frail and falling form,
Proud, as if Sin did not know us,
And our life-bloom hid no worm.
Often do we breathe with scorning,
Hard words in the sinner's ear,
But methinks the holy warning
Brings a gentler echo near.

Pause, bold mortal, ere thou darest
To ascend the judgment throne,
He whose deeds were purest, fairest,
Was not first to cast the stone.

There is much of human trial,
In some human pathways set;
Some lips drain the bitter phial,
Which we have not tasted yet.
Crime and Folly marred the glory
That lit up the Eden grove;
But man's long and erring story
Still seeks Mercy, Hope and Love.
Pause then, ye who sternly trample
Those whom Sin has overthrown;
Heed thy master's great example,
Be not first to cast the stone.

Annie Laurie.

Maxwelton braes are bonnie
Where early fa's the dew,
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gi'ed me her promise true.
Gi'ed me her promise true—
Which ne'er forgot will be,
And for bonny Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw-drift,
Her neck is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest,
That e'er the sun shone on.
That e'er the sun shone on—
And dark blue is her e'e,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying,
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet,
And like winds, in simmer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet,
Her voice is low and sweet—
And she's a' the world to me;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

Answer to Annie Laurie.

If all you've now been saying,
Doth from the heart proceed;
Then upon those words relying,
Your Annie's blest indeed,
Your Annie's blest indeed,
And future year's will prove
That in wedding Annie Laurie,
You'll not repent your love.

Though small our destined portion,
If by my side you be,
I'll ask no greater blessing,
I have my all in thee.
I have my all in thee;
And shouldst thou trouble know,
Thou wilt have thy Annie Laurie,
To share it with thee too.

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

May those we love, love us.

Though sorrows clouds are darkling,
To make man's prospect drear;
Yet hope hath planets sparkling,
The lonely way to cheer.
To wander on the gay side,
Unwise is he who scorns;
With roses by the wayside,
Who'd search to find the thorns?
Then fill a bumper flowing,
A wish I render thus—
With friendly fervour glowing,
"May those we love, love us."

Let man deem each man brother,
And narrow feeling spurn;
Put faith in one and another—
And Eden would return!
Then fill a cup to beauty.
My toast I proffer thus,
In fervour faith and duty—
"May those we love, love us"!
Then fill, &c.

'Tis the land of my birth.

When the pilgrim returns,
From a far distant shrine,
To the home that he loves,
As I dearly love mine;
Though wayworn, expiring,
He sinks to the earth,
With rapture he'll cry,
"'Tis the land of my birth!"

To my own humble shed,
Like the pilgrim, I turn,
And if death be my lot,
All its terrors I spurn;
And, with ecstacy cry
Ere I sink to the earth,
"I at least, find a grave
In the land of my birth!"

Meet again.

[Music—at Cramer and Co's.]

Joyful words—we meet again!
Love's own language comfort darting
Thro' the souls of friends at parting—
Life in death—"we meet again!"
"Meet again!" "meet again!"
Joyful words—we meet again!
While we walk the vale of tears,
Compass'd round with care and sorrow,
Gloom to-day, and storm to-morrow,
"Meet again" the bosom cheers!

Far in exile, when we roam,
O'er our lost endearments weeping,
Lonely, silent vigils keeping,
"Meet again" transports us home
When this weary world is past,
Happy they, whose spirits soaring,
Vast eternity exploring,
"Meet again" in heaven at last!
"Meet again!" "meet again!"
"Meet again" in heaven at last!

Wilt thou say farewell, love?

Wilt thou say farewell, love,
And from Rosa part?
Rosa's tears will tell, love,
The anguish of her heart.
I'll still be thine, if thou'lt be mine,
I'll love thee though we sever;
Oh! say, can I e'er cease to sigh,
Or cease to love? No, never!

Wilt thou think of me, love,
When thou art far away?
Oh! I'll think of thee, love,
And never, never, stray,
I'll still be thine, if thou'lt be mine,
I'll love thee though we sever;
Oh! say can I e'er cease to sigh,
Or cease to love? No, never!

Let not others' wiles, love,
Thy ardent heart betray,
Remember Rosa's smiles, love,
When Rosa's far away.
I'll still be thine, if thou'lt be mine,
I'll love thee though we sever;
Oh! say, can I e'er cease to sigh,
Or cease to love? No, never!

The Reconciliation.

[Music—at Olivier's.]

The old man he knelt at the altar,
His enemy's hand to take,
And at first his weak voice did falter,
And his feeble limbs did shake;
For his only brave boy, his glory,
Had been stretch'd at the old man's feet,
A corpse, all so haggard and gory,
By the hand which he now must greet.

And soon the old man stopt speaking,
And rage which had not gone by,
From under his brow came breaking
Up into his memory's eye;
And now his limbs were not shaking,
But his clench'd hands his bosom cross'd,
And he look'd a fierce wish to be taking
Revenge for the boy he lost!

But the old man he look'd around him,
And thought of the place he was in,
And thought of the promise which bound him,
And thought that revenge was sin;
And then, crying tears, like a woman,
"Your hand!" he said—"aye, that hand!
And I do forgive you, foeman,
For the sake of our bleeding land!"

Cottage and old water mill.

Have you seen the new cottage just
built by the squire,
And is it not all thy fond heart
can desire,
With its pretty white gate which half
open doth stand,
And the clustering roses seem court-
ing your hand,
In it's garden so trim that you can-
not but stay,
To gather in freshness and bear them
away,
Yes, often I stroll to the church on
the hill,
Where I view the old cottage and old
water mill.

Yes, there it was once stood the old
water mill,
And through the green meadows
there rippled a rill,
And welcome there was in the good
miller's time,
When the mill and its master were
both in their prime,
And as we join'd in the gay rustic
throng,
Have we chorus'd the laugh as we
chorus'd the song,
But now as I stroll to the church on
the hill,
I view but the cottage and old water
mill.

Our friend has departed, the mill has
decay'd,
And time I confess has some sad
changes made,
But time, as we know, like the mill
goeth round,
New faces smile kindly with hearts
full and sound,
Yet fancy still echoes the merry click
clack,
When neither the mill nor its labour
was slack,
As I ramble in thought to the
church on the hill,
Where I view the old cottage and old
water mill.

Slave Chase.

Sung by Henry Russell.

"Set ev'ry stitch of canvas to woo the
fresh'ning wind,
Our bowsprit points to Cuba, the
coast lie far behind;
Fill'd to the hatches full, my boys,
across the sea we go,
There's twice five hundred niggers in
the hold below,
A sail! what say you, boys? well—let
him give us chase!
A British man-of-war, you say—well,
let him try the race,
There's not a swifter vessel ever float-
ed on the waves,
Than our tidy little schooner, well
ballasted with slaves."

Now stronger yet, and stronger still
came down the fiery breeze,
And even fast and faster spread the
strange ship on the seas;
Flinging each rude and bursting surge
in glitt'ring baloes back,
And bearing high to heaven aloft the
English Union Jack,
"Now curse that British ensign," the
slaving captain said,
"There's little luck for slavers when
English bunting's spread,
But, pack on sail, and trim the ship,
before we'll captur'd be,
We'll have the niggers up, my boys,
and heave them in the sea."

Hoarse was the slaving captain's voice
and deep the oath he swore,
"Haul down the flag, that shot's
enough, we don't want any
more."
Alongside dash'd the cruiser's boat.
to board and seize the prize,
Hark! to the rattling British cheer
that's ringing to the skies.
"Up, up, with the negroes, speedily
up, up, and give them breath,
Clear out the hold from stem to
stern, that noisome den is death,
And run aloft St. George's cross,
all wanton let it wave,
The token proud that under it there
never treads a slave."

Dear Madoline.

I dream of of thee, sweet Madoline,
So beautiful and bright,
My memory weaves each look of thine
With ev'ry thought of light,
Thou art the music of my heart
That whispers thro' each day,
That speaks thy name in ev'ry breeze
When far from thee away.
I dream of thee, &c.

I dream of thee, dear Madoline,
Thro' life's sad waste of years,
Like spring's sweet breath to flowers
that droop,
Thy beaming smile appears,
Where'er the world may cast its care,
When sorrow near I see,
I fear no shade, for in my grief
I turn again to thee.
I dream of thee, &c.

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

Sunshine after Rain.

I left my love in England,
In poverty and pain,
The tears hung heavy in my eyes,
But her's came down like rain?
I gave her half of all I had,
Repress'd the rising sigh,
For thinking of the days to come
I kept my courage high.
"Oh, farewell!" I said, "if seasons pass
And sunshine follows rain,
And morning dawns on darkest night,
You'll see me back again."

I left my love in England,
And sail'd the stormy sea;
To earn my bread by daily toil,
A honest man and free.
I wrought and strove from morn to night,
And sav'd my little store,
And ev'ry summer gave me wealth,
And made the little more.
Oh! at length I bought the field I plough'd,
The sunshine followed rain;
The morning dawn'd on that dark night,
And I went back again.

I sought my love in England,
And brought her o'er the sea;
A happy man, a happy wife,
To bless my home and me.
My farm is large, my wants are small.
I bid my care depart;
And sit beneath my own oak tree
With proud, yet grateful heart.
Oh! the children smiling round the board,
Ne'er ask for bread in vain;
The day has dawn'd upon the night.
The sun has follow'd rain.

Oh! sing no more that Song.

Oh, sing no more that song to me,
I cannot hear it now,
There was a time when I could sit
And be as blythe as thou;
And crave the very song which I
To-night refuse to hear,
I heard it sung in happier days,
A stranger to despair.

Among this friendly group I know
Are some who'll rise and sing
Those songs which shall the spirit cheer,
While "Time is on the wing;"
But oh! the ballad you propose,
Would only make me weep,
And bitter recollections rouse,
Which at this moment sleep,

The Anchor's Weighed.

[Music—at Jefferys and Co's.]

The tear fell gently from her eye,
When last we parted on the shore,
My bosom heav'd with many a sigh,
To think I ne'er might see her more.
Dear youth, she cried, and canst thou haste away?
My heart will break, a little moment—stay;
Alas! I cannot, cannot part from thee—
The anchor's weigh'd—farewell! remember me.

Weep not, my love, I trembling said,
Doubt not a constant heart like mine,
I ne'er can meet another maid
Whose charms can fix this heart like thine.
Go then, she cried, and let thy constant mind [hind,
Oft think of her you leave in tears be-
Dear maid, this last embrace my pledge shall be;
The anchor's weigh'd—farewell, remember me!

Live and let Live.

[Music at Tedder and Co's.]

Live and let live—'tis the great law of nature,
Man to his fellow should ever be kind;
He, who's high bounty protects every creature,
Taught us to practise this precept divine.
Wide is the world, and tho' various in station,
Each to his neighbour good wishes may give,
All men belong to humanity's nation,
Nature's great law is, to live and let live.

Live and let live—'tis the aim of our being,
The rich and the poor on each other depend;
All men are equal before the All-seeing
Each in his turn stands in need of a friend,
Be to a foe in distress, like a brother,
Oh! it is sweet to forget and forgive;
Love all that is lovely, be kind to each other,
Nature's best law is, to live and let live.

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

There's a Path by the River.

There's a path by the river o'er shadowed by trees.
Where people may walk and may talk, if they please,
And save by a bird, not a sound can be heard,
So do not come there, if you please,
So do not come there, if you please,
I feel that I'm lonely, my mind's ill at ease,
I'm sure it would mend me to feel the soft breeze
As it plays on the shore, at the hour of four,
So mind you don't come, if you please,
So mind you don't come, if you please.
There's a path by the river, &c.

Yet if others should like to enjoy the fresh breeze,
Some who feel like myself that the mind's ill at ease,
If yourself you should go, I can't help it, you know,
You've a right to walk there, if you please,
If you please, you've a right to walk there, if you please,
There's a hive near the walk, and I'm frightened of bees,
The gipsies might rob, and the urchins might teaze,
And really I feel quite alone to appear,
So I think you may come, if you please,
Yes, this once, you may come, if you please,
There's a path by the river, &c

Beautiful Moon.

Beautiful Moon! Beautiful Moon!
Fair as the dew on the lilies of June,
Bride of the seasons, immortally bright!
Joy of the elements! Glory of night!
Where is the being that loves not thy face?
Herald of harmony! spirit of Grace!
Loneliness woos thee, and calls thee her own,
Lovers adore thee, and worship thy throne;

Songs float round thee like an eloquent dream,
Playful and sweet as a wild forest-stream;
Or pensive and sad as the nightingales tune,
Charm of the universe, Beautiful Moon!
Loneliness wooes thee, &c.

Ben Bolt's Reply.

Ah, yes, I remember that name with delight,
Sweet Alice, so cherished and dear,
I seek her lone grave in the pale hour of night,
And moisten the turf with a tear;
And there, when the heart is o'er burdened with woes,
I wander and muse all alone,
And long for the time when my head shall repose,
Where sweet Alice lies under the stone.
And long, &c.

I roam through the wood where so joyous we strayed,
And recline on the green sunny hill
All things are as bright in that beautiful glade,
But my heart is all lonely and chill;
For the hand that so fondly was then press'd in mine,
And the lips that were melting with love,
Are cold in the grave, and I'm left to repine,
Till I meet with sweet Alice above.
Are cold, &c.

Ah, well I remember the school house and brook,
And the master so kind and so true,
The wild blooming flowers in the cool shady nook,
So fragrant with incense and dew,
But I wept not for these, though so dear to my heart,
Nor the friends that have left us alone;
The bosom will heave and the tear-drops will start,
For sweet Alice lies under the stone,
For sweet, &c.

'Tis I that love her best.

The gentle stars are peeping,
At midnight's holy hour,
Where saints are vigils keeping,
Within my lady's tow'r;
Though planets shine above her,
And spirits guard her rest,
Amid the host that love her,
'Tis I that love her best.

Gay steeds are proudly neighing,
And prancing all the while,
Where minstrel bards are playing,
To win one maiden smile:
Watch on! ye pow'rs above her,
Let music charm her rest,
Though all the world doth love her
'Tis I that love her best.

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